

The Main Course by alreynolds13

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Language: English

Characters: J. Hopper, OC

Pairings: J. Hopper/OC

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-07-19 15:50:41

Updated: 2019-07-19 15:50:41

Packaged: 2019-12-12 19:04:17

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,816

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hopper gets stood up on his date, so you decide to make a move.

The Main Course

Placing freshly baked pasta down in front of the middle-aged couple at table 5, you turned and headed back towards the kitchen, wishing this night would just be over already. A glance at the clock showed that it was almost 7pm, which meant that, unfortunately, the place wouldn't die down for at least another hour or two. And since one of the other waitresses had called in sick, leaving you to close the restaurant alone tonight, you'd be happy to get out of here before midnight.

You had been a waitress at Enzo's for the past three summers in a row, and while it wasn't your dream gig, it helped save up some extra money before classes resumed in the fall. You were about to start your senior year of college, which meant that this was most likely (and hopefully) your last summer as a waitress, the plan being to move onto bigger and better opportunities after graduation.

Until then, this was your reality: wearing an uncomfortable uniform while balancing trays of food, dodging spills, and giving your customers a fake smile in the hopes that they might add a little extra to their tip.

The clinking of forks on plates mixed with the soothing, yet lively, notes coming from the string quartet. It covered up the creak of the double wooden front doors, so that at first you didn't notice someone new had even walked in. However, you had just finished refilling a patron's wine glass when a glance to the left caused you to freeze in surprise at the man who had just entered.

The tall, imposing figure was wearing a surprisingly casual (and bright) Hawaiian shirt underneath a beige blazer and light blue Wranglers. It was a bit of an odd ensemble, but if any man could pull it off, it was the one and only Chief Jim Hopper.

Up until now you had only seen the chief in his uniform, and though part of you lamented its absence, you had to admit that he still looked good. Better than good. He looked *delicious*. His shoulders appeared even wider than usual in the blazer, and his broad chest filled out what should've been a ridiculous-looking shirt, instead

making it sexy and masculine. There was even a row of buttons down the front, which made your lips twitch upwards into a tiny smirk. Oh, the fantasies you'd had about unbuttoning Jim out of his shirt. Usually it was his uniform you imagined, but this one was also going into the spank bank for later.

In case it wasn't already obvious from your thoughts, you had it bad for Hawkins' chief of police. As a teenager, you'd found the older man to be intimidating and abrasive. But now, as an adult...he was still an older man who was intimidating and abrasive, but that was a large part of his appeal. You couldn't help but imagine all the ways he could utilize that sharp tongue and wicked mouth, not to mention the mental image of his smug face pressed between your open and willing thighs. Just the thought of all that powerful man on top of you, of the things he could do to your body...

Realizing that you had been standing dumbstruck and staring for way longer than was necessary, you jolted back into action and went to check on another table. You watched out of the corner of your eye as Hopper was seated in the middle of the room, and it wasn't purely coincidence that you next went to wait on a table right beside his. While writing down the customer's order, you also kept an ear on the conversation Hopper was having with his own waiter. He ordered a double scotch, which wasn't surprising. Then he asked for a bottle of Chianti, which *was* surprising. You had to stifle a smirk at the adorable way he butchered the name of the wine, knowing that his waiter, a stuffy jerk named Tom, wouldn't appreciate the faux pas one bit.

Finished taking your table's order, you walked slow as molasses back in the direction of the kitchen, still listening intently to the men's discussion. When Hopper asked for two wine glasses, one for him and one "for the lady," a jolt of shock went through you at the realization of why the usually casual man was gracing the most upscale restaurant in the area. *He was here on a date!*

From what you had gathered around town, Hopper wasn't one to take women out to dinner, instead being more the type to bed 'em and move on to the next. You instantly wondered who the woman was and why he had picked *her* for the date. Okay, so you were maybe, quite possibly...just a tad bit...jealous as fuck.

For the next hour, you kept checking on Hopper out of the corner of your eye. He was too fixated on watching the front doors to notice your spying, and as the minutes ticked by, you got more and more anxious to see who would join him.

By the time it was almost 8pm, Hopper had finished his scotch and half the bottle of wine. His hair was a bit ruffled from running his hands through it in increasing frustration, and while he didn't appear completely drunk, at this rate he was well on his way. Disbelief and an ember of anger pooled in your stomach the longer you watched him. There were plenty of women who would've killed to be here with him tonight, yourself included. You wondered for the umpteenth time that evening who the hell this woman was, and why she would be a no-show for a date with such a stud of a man.

Suddenly, an idea hit you. A totally insane, utterly ridiculous...possibly genius idea. It was very likely that this would be your last chance to interact with Hopper before leaving town for college. And once you graduated, who knows when or how often you'd come back to Hawkins. Maybe, just maybe, tonight's events had unfolded to your advantage.

The important question was, could you go through with it? Worse case scenario was he'd laugh in your face and say something condescending in front of the entire restaurant. No big deal, you'd only be traumatized for life, never able to show your face here again. But the best case scenario...you almost stumbled at the thought, ice clinking loudly as the drinks on your tray came dangerously close to sloshing over the edge. *Pull yourself together, damnit!*

Once the drinks were served and you had overanalyzed the idea to the point that your palms were sweaty and the snug, white button-down shirt felt as though it was constricting your ability to breath, you made up your mind.

It was now or never.

Pulling out your order pad and pencil, you scribbled down a quick, but flirty, message: ***Her loss, but I'd love for it to be my gain.*** You considered writing down your number, but since you were staying with your parents over the summer, didn't want to risk him calling

there and your mother or, heaven forbid, your father answering. Besides, he knew where you worked, so it shouldn't be hard for him to find you if this panned out in a positive direction. Ripping the piece of paper off the pad and folding it in half, you tucked it into the front pocket of your apron.

Before you could totally lose your nerve, you went over to the table next to his, giving the young couple their receipt and wishing them a fantastic evening. Taking a deep breath, you turned around and took the two steps needed to put your hip inches away from Hopper. Pulling out the piece of paper, you discreetly slid it across the table in front of him. He looked up with furrowed brows, probably expecting to see Tom. When his eyes instead found you, a flicker of surprise shot through them. Not wanting to stick around too long and draw the attention of others, you gave what was hopefully a flirty smile, lightly laid your palm on his blazer-covered forearm for a split second, then spun and quickly headed back for the kitchen, praying with each step that you didn't stumble or run into anyone.

It wasn't until you made it back through the swinging doors that you were able to let out the breath you'd been holding. Holy shit, you couldn't believe you had just done that! You really *really* wished you could see his face when he read the note, but you also didn't want to risk the humiliation if he laughed or flat out denied your offer. A few minutes later, one of your table's food orders was ready and anxiety darted through you at the thought of walking back out into the dining room, wondering if Hopper was still there and if he'd say anything.

He *was* still there, his back to the kitchen and broad shoulders keeping you from seeing what he had done with the note. Heading over to the correct table, you felt the heavy weight of someone watching as you set down the food in front of your customers. When you were done and turned back for the kitchen, sure enough, Hopper's gaze was zeroed in on you. Goosebumps rose on your arms at his piercing stare and the way he seemed to be intently analyzing you. He was twirling the folded note between his fingers casually, and you were pretty sure your panties became damp at the slow, knowing smile that passed across his face.

Suddenly, he stood up from the table, running into Tom in the

process. The waiter had just been coming to check on him, probably in hopes that he was going to leave soon and free up the table for someone who actually wanted to order food. The affronted look on his face when Hopper grabbed the mostly empty bottle of wine and made to leave caused you to give a huffed laugh. Tom was frantically telling the taller man that he couldn't take any alcohol off the premises, to which Hopper gave a rather impolite noise and growled, "I can do anything I want. I'm the chief of police."

With that, he strode out of the restaurant, nearby diners staring in shock at the disgruntled man who had caused such a scene. You personally found any situation that ruffled Tom's feathers to be amusing, but couldn't help the zing of disappointment that Hopper hadn't said anything to you before leaving. Sure, he hadn't laughed or embarrassed you, but his lack of any response other than the stare and smirk caused you to second-guess writing the note in the first place.

Trying to ignore your inner self-doubt, you refocused on customers. However, a little voice in your head kept whispering that you should've known better. Why would an older, successful, and sexy as hell man like Chief Hopper be interested in a much younger college student who didn't even have the guts to actually say anything to him, instead passing a note like you were still in high school. Besides, he had obviously set his sights on someone else tonight, and if she was amazing enough for him to invite on a date, then you probably didn't even compare.

Determined to shut down the negative thoughts and forget the entire fiasco, you pushed it to the back of your mind and spent the next two hours waiting tables until your feet were sore. You were beyond relieved when 10pm arrived and you were able to close and lock the doors. The string quartet and other waiting staff had left at that point, and the cook was quick to follow. Once the last round of silverware had been washed and folded, you also sent the dishwasher on their way, leaving only you and the vacuum to finish the evening.

Once the tables were all scrubbed clean and the floors vacuumed of any crumbs, all that was left to do was take out a couple remaining bags of trash. Hefting them over your shoulder, you went out the back door and walked across the dimly lit area to the nearby

dumpster. Hauling the last bag in, you eagerly looked forward to going back inside, grabbing your purse, and getting the hell out of there. However, you made it halfway to the door before almost screaming in alarm at the realization that you weren't alone.

The dark outline of a man was leaning against the brick wall beside the back door, and the fact that you hadn't even noticed him when first coming outside was enough to send a chill down your spine. He was hidden in shadows, only the tiny orange dot of his cigarette visible, which glowed brightly as he inhaled. You started to panic, thoughts of being robbed or assaulted flashing through your head.

"Leave me alone! Or I swear I'll..."

"You'll what? Call the cops?" came the husky and amused response.

Recognizing the voice, your shoulders slumped in relief. "Holy shit, Hopper! You scared the crap out of me!"

A low chuckle came out of the darkness, and your initial fear morphed instantly into desire at the sound. You wondered what he was doing lurking around the restaurant after hours, refusing to be so hopeful as to think it was because of you.

"What did you mean by that note?"

"*Huh?*"

Oh shit, maybe he *was* here because of you, after all. Your palms started to sweat at the realization that you honestly hadn't planned this far ahead. After he had left the restaurant without a word, you hadn't thought he'd respond to the note at all, let alone *tonight*.

Standing there under the dim glow of a nearby streetlight, while he was still shrouded in darkness, you suddenly felt out of your element. *Here is your chance! You wanted his attention and now you've got it, so don't mess this up!*

Before you could come up with a better explanation, he questioned you again. "What did you mean by 'your gain'? Were you hoping I'd wine and dine you, treat you like a lady?"

You could hear the evident sarcasm in his voice, and knew in that moment he was expecting it to be *exactly* what you wanted. He probably saw you as some naive girl with romantic stars in her eyes, and would turn and walk away if that were the case. However, the fact that he had still wanted to suss out your expectations meant that at least some part of him must be curious. Your note had served as the proper bait, but now you had to use the right words to reel him in.

"Being wined and dined is overrated." Walking a few steps closer, you were still unable to make out his face in the darkness. Wishing you could see his reaction, you continued, "If there's anything I've learned from waitressing, it's that no one likes to wait for their meal. I'd rather skip the preliminaries and go straight to the main course. Enjoy it while it's hot."

You were honestly pretty damn proud of yourself for getting all that out without any hesitation or stuttering. Now that the possibility of having Hopper was within your grasp, you didn't want to mess it up. You wanted to fuck a real man, to fuck *this* man, before you could move on from this town with no regrets.

Evidently, he hadn't been expecting *that* response. There was an extended period of silence, as if he were processing your words. You then saw the orange dot fall as he flicked the cigarette to the ground and finally stepped out of the darkness, stalking towards you with the same focused stare as earlier in the restaurant. The intensity on his face caused a flicker of fear, and you wondered if this was a mistake, being alone with him this late at night.

That thought quickly dissipated as your body took over, arousal coursing through you at the sight of all that attractive man headed in your direction. He was so tall, his shadow quickly eclipsing your own as he closed the distance, the top of your head not quite reaching his shoulders. You barely had time to notice that the suit jacket was gone, leaving him in the green and pink patterned shirt and tight blue jeans, before he was on you.

His large hand cupped the back of your head, and a second later you were *kissing*. *Chief. Hopper!*

Instinct took over, as your lips opened in submission to his. A whimper escaped your throat when he dove in with no hesitation, staking his claim and leaving no doubt as to who was in charge. He pressed his broad body up into yours as his other hand gripped the side of your waist, the scratch of his mustache on your top lip and beard stubble on your chin a reminder that this wasn't some hormonal frat boy. There was no mistaking that Hopper was all man and, in return, he made you feel like a desirable woman. The fact that you had evoked this reaction in him was enough to make you light-headed...or maybe that was just the lack of oxygen from being kissed to within an inch of your life.

Using his larger frame, he herded you backwards, your body automatically following his command and backing up step by step, out of the dimly lit area and towards the shadows of the building. The hard surface of the brick wall pressed into your back, but you barely noticed, too fixated on the man in front of you. His mouth trailed downwards, and your head fell back into the wall as he sucked on the side of your throat. Gripping his shoulders to help anchor your suddenly wobbly knees, you moaned when he found a particularly sensitive spot where your neck sloped down into your shoulder.

You felt him smile against your skin, before he lifted his mouth to your ear and purred, "I'm not sure you know what you're getting yourself into, baby girl."

A shiver ran down your spine at his deep voice, his words causing puffs of warm air to ruffle tendrils of your hair. Struggling to make your last remaining brain cells function properly enough to respond, you whispered, "Then why don't you show me, Chief?"

His answering groan made you mentally fist pump in glee, as well as tuck away the knowledge that the title was an apparent turn-on for him. His mouth descended on yours again, at the same time that his hands started untucking the bottom of your shirt. Thankfully, you had taken off the apron earlier while vacuuming, leaving you in a white button-down and slightly-above-the-knee black skirt. You didn't even hesitate to lift your arms from Hopper's shoulders when he pulled the shirt up and over your head. It was quickly followed by him also taking off the white cami you wore underneath, leaving you

clad in just a light pink bra from the waist up.

You were about to lift your head for another kiss when you felt his hands at your back, and suddenly the bra was also being pulled away. He was wasting no time getting you undressed, and you suddenly realized that, unless you put a stop to it, he was going to fuck you outside and up against this very wall. You probably should've been shocked or offended by this, the thought of someone stumbling upon the two of you flickering in the back of your mind, but you were honestly too dead set on knowing what Hopper's cock felt like inside you to care. Being the recipient of such intense male desire filled you with excitement, anticipation, and a bit of fear. The combination of emotions was exhilarating, and served to increase your own desire even further.

Once your bra was off and flung to the side, Hopper froze and slowly leaned back. Looking up, you felt your panties dampen further at the way he was intensely taking in every exposed inch of flesh, stifling a whimper when he licked his bottom lip.

You gasped softly when his large, warm palms cupped both your breasts, lifting and pressing them together as he stared in awe. "Look at you, baby. You're so fucking pretty. What's a pretty girl like you doing here, pushed up against a dirty wall and asking to be fucked by a man twice her age?" His voice was raspy with desire, and both that and the taboo words combined to ramp up your own arousal.

Your panting breaths must not have been enough response for him, because he pinched your nipples between his thumbs and forefingers until you let out a moan. Giving a slow, devilish smirk, he continued, "You like that though, don't you, little girl? You want me to fuck you, to show you just how hard the chief's dick can make you come. Isn't that right?"

A harder twist to your nipples made you cry out with the pleasure-pain, your eyes darting up to lock onto his. "I said, isn't that right, sweetheart?"

Nodding frantically, you choked out, "Yes, yes...please..."

"Please what, baby? Tell me what you want."

Brain foggy with arousal, you fought to string together the words needed to express what you wanted. What you *needed*. "I want you to touch me and fuck me...please, Chief...make me come. Please...do whatever you want with me."

An anguished groan was his response, the primal sound making your cunt clench with desire, begging to be filled. It seemed your words were the catalyst needed to unleash the beast, as Hopper dropped his head to your breasts at the same time he reached one hand down under your skirt and pushed it up your thighs. A wordless cry left your throat when his lips wrapped around your left nipple, and you trembled like a leaf caught in the wind when he used both palms to push at your inner thighs until they were spread obscenely wide for him. A loud rip a few seconds later, followed by a cool breeze in an unexpected area, told you that he had torn off the flimsy fabric of your panties. This reminder of his size and strength only increased your desire to feel all that power between your thighs, to have him claim your body as his.

He used lips, tongue, and even teeth until your nipple was rock-hard and so raw and sensitive that you weren't sure if the pathetic little noises you were making were a plea for him to keep going or slow down. He then switched to the other one, giving it the same treatment until you felt dizzy with the sensations. You were so focused on what he was doing to your nipples, that when he moved his hand up between your spread legs and ran a warm, calloused finger along your slit, it was all you could do to keep yourself leveraged against the wall and not fall at his feet.

As if sensing your impending inability to remain upright, Hopper lifted his head from your breasts and stepped in closer, his chest pressed into yours and hand cupped between your thighs possessively. When one thick finger pushed up into your dripping pussy, it was all you could do to remember how to breathe. After a few deep, slow thrusts he added a second finger. The slight burn as you stretched around his digits was yet another reminder of his size...of what even bigger and thicker appendage awaited you.

"Fuck, you're tight. You sure you can even take my cock, little girl?"

Nails clutching his biceps through the shirt as he thrust in and out of

your body, you panted, "Yes, I want it. Make me take it. Make me yours."

A string of curses, followed by his hand speeding up its movements, served to make your thighs clench and head fall back against the wall. Caught between his large body and the hard brick, you were unable to do anything except stand there and take it. The wet squelch his fingers made with each thrust was a testament to how much his filthy words were affecting you, your body greedily sucking him in and voicing its protest each time he retreated.

You could feel your body ramping up to climax, muscles straining for release and walls beginning to flutter around his fingers. Then, suddenly, his hand was gone, a hoarse groan of need voicing your displeasure as the peak receded before you could reach it. Looking up at him in shock, you tried to form the words to ask why the fuck he had stopped. Instead, your breath hitched when he did something completely unexpected...and dropped to his knees.

"What..." your brain was unable to comprehend the situation, while every fiber of your body was screaming in excitement as he lifted one of your legs and draped it over his massive shoulder.

Gaze fixated on what was between your spread thighs, he growled out, "How about a little dessert before the main course?"

With that, he shoved your skirt even higher around your waist, leaned forward, and put his face between your thighs. The scratch of his facial hair mixed with his hot, wet mouth on your pussy served to make your brain stop working and body freeze in shock before instinctually arching towards him. His tongue tried to gather as much of the dripping wetness from you as it could reach, the feel of his tongue pushing inside you causing your legs to shake. When his lips wrapped around your clit and sucked, you were done for. Between being primed by his fingers, the sensations of his mouth, and the sight of the big, tough Chief of Police kneeling with his face buried in your cunt, it took a ridiculously short amount of time for you to once again be hurtled up towards the peak of pleasure.

Part of you wanted to try and make it last as long as possible, wanting this memory to forever be burned into your brain. The other

part of you was too overwhelmed to do anything other than garble unintelligently and pull at his hair as you hurtled over the edge. Shudders wracked your body as waves of euphoria radiated out from where his mouth was attached to your clit. The leg still on the ground started to collapse, but Hopper's hands were anchored at your hips and kept you stable as he continued to work you through the orgasm.

When the shaking had reduced to tiny tremors and your oversensitized clit begged for mercy, you pushed weakly at his head until he pulled back and looked up. His mouth and chin were shiny with your release, and his eyes darkened as a primal sound of need left your lips at the sight.

Gently removing your leg from his shoulder, he made sure you were steadied against the wall before letting go of your hips and raising to his full height once again. A flicker of uncertainty came over his face, as if he wasn't sure whether you'd want to take this any further. *Pfft, as if I'd stop just because I got to come already*, you thought, and reached out to do what you had been fantasizing about for years: undoing Hopper's buttons.

You were too focused on getting each button undone to see the relief on his face at your willingness to continue. Desire reignited between your thighs as each inch of flesh was slowly revealed, and it felt like both a second and an eternity before the buttons were all free and the shirt was hanging open. You pushed it off his shoulders and Hopper shrugged it the rest of the way off, letting it drop to the ground.

He appeared even larger without the shirt, if that were even possible. You hadn't really seen his biceps exposed before, and they bulged with thick muscle that came not from a gym but from hours out in the field. He might not be one of the ripped meatheads that some women preferred, but there was a strength and size to him that spoke to you on a deep, primal level. His masculinity called to your femininity, and you wanted nothing more than for him to showcase his maleness in the most basic way possible: by fucking you until you screamed.

Obviously reaching his limit with letting you look your fill, he moved into action and started unbuckling his belt. Not wanting any barriers to get in the way, you quickly shoved the skirt, which was scrunched

around your waist, down your legs and onto the ground with the other garments. Naked as the day you were born, you leaned back against the wall and watched Hopper with anticipation, eyes locked on the impressive bulge in his pants that was about to be unveiled.

His eyes were on you in return, scanning lewdly up and down your exposed body as he pulled down the zipper on his jeans. Pushing off both the denim and his boxer briefs in the same fluid movement, he kicked them to the side, leaving him naked before you.

And *holy hell* was naked Hopper a sight to behold! You were suddenly incredibly glad he had prepped you with an orgasm first, as it was going to take all the lubrication at your body's disposal to take him in. He easily had the largest cock you'd ever been with, and you'd actually be pretty worried about the mechanics if you weren't so far gone with lust.

As if reading your mind, he took the massive organ in his fist and started stroking up and down slowly. "Is this what you wanted, little girl?"

Mesmerized by his size and the way in which the reddened tip had a drop of fluid leaking from the tip, you felt any initial hesitancy float away. You wanted that cock inside you, and weren't about to back out now. Nodding, you finally tore your eyes away from the sight and locked eyes with him, giving a raspy, "Please."

Lips quirking upwards, he stepped forward, his naked body pressing into yours and causing you to gasp. He was so big and hard, making you feel tiny and soft in comparison. When his cock prodded your stomach, you were unable to resist temptation. Hopper groaned in agonized pleasure when your fist wrapped around him, and you only got in a few strokes before he pulled your hand away.

He reached down between your bodies, causing an instant shudder and your thighs to fall open instinctively for him. He gave a hum of approval, gathering some of your wetness on his fingers. You watched as he lifted the glistening digits to his dick and transferred the fluids, so that he was coated with your natural lubrication.

Too busy being mesmerized by the sight of your arousal on his cock,

you were startled when he grabbed the back of your thighs and lifted. Body responding automatically, you wrapped your legs around his hips and arms around his neck. The fact that he could lift and situate you to his liking with barely any effort was sexy as hell, and you didn't even notice the uncomfortably hard wall at your back since Hopper owned something even harder that held your attention.

His cock bobbed underneath your ass, and you wouldn't be surprised if you were literally dripping onto it at this point, already overwhelmed by the feel of his naked and aroused body pressed up against you. When he reached down with one hand to grab his dick and rub it along your folds, you gave a needy whimper and squirmed in impatience. While you were glad he was taking the time to utilize all the lubrication available, you were about to scream with frustration if he didn't fill you soon, the emptiness in your pussy an almost painful throb at this point. Giving a soft sob of relief when he finally positioned the head at your entrance, your thighs tightened around him in encouragement as he started pushing inside.

It quickly became apparent that, despite your arousal, this was going to be a tight fit. A shaky gasp was all you could manage when the flared part of his head stretched you with a slight burn. Pausing for a few seconds so that the two of you could catch your breath and regroup, he then pulled back slightly before pushing forward again. He was patient, but insistent, working his way into your body inch by inch until your world was narrowed down to the feel of his massive cock claiming you. When the stretch became too overwhelming, your nails dug into the back of his neck. It was a signal he thankfully acknowledged, halting again before pulling back and thrusting shallowly until you were better adjusted and ready for more.

"That's it, baby, relax and let me in. I can feel your tight little pussy stretching around my dick, begging for more."

His words made you dizzy with desire. The pleasure-pain of taking him in, combined with his primal enjoyment of conquering you to an extent that it was obvious no man had before, caused a myriad of overwhelming sensations and emotions. With a groan of satisfaction, he thrust the entire way inside, a slight shudder passing through his large body at the feel of you totally encompassing his cock. You clung to him, unable to speak or moan or even whimper, his cock filling

you so full that it was as if it had reached up to your lungs and stole the breath right out of your body.

Your vocal cords decided to restart when he slowly pulled most of the way out and then thrust the entire way back in without pausing. Giving a needy cry, your walls involuntarily clamped down on him when he started to withdraw again, and he dropped his forehead to your shoulder with a wrecked moan. The sound shot through you, causing more wetness to coat his dick and your back to arch so that your hardened nipples scraped deliciously against his chest hair.

Gripping your hips tightly, he started up a steady and intense rhythm, pulling back until just the tip was inside before thrusting deep, causing you to stretch around him again and again. It was as if he was trying to recreate that initial penetration with each thrust, and the sensation of him claiming you over and over made your eyes roll back in your head.

"So wet, baby. So wet and tight for me," he murmured into your neck.

Trying to also verbalize your pleasure, you got out a few garbled words before your voice broke at the end, "Yes...oh, god...so good...*please*."

He must've gotten the message because his pace picked up a bit, the heavy drag of his thick cock hitting every pleasurable nerve ending until you were softly whispering *please* over and over without even realizing it.

"That's it, baby. I like it when you beg for me."

With that, he moved a hand downwards and placed two fingers on your clit. The effect was immediate, a hoarse cry echoing out into the night as the pleasure became almost unbearable. You were poised on the edge of something earth-shattering, and it was beckoning for you to fall over the edge and into the abyss.

"Fuck, yes. You gonna come for me, baby? Be a good girl and come on my cock."

Those words gave your body the final push it needed. Your pussy

clenched down on his cock as the orgasm ripped through you, teeth sinking into his shoulder to stifle your scream. These weren't the typical waves or ripples of pleasure; your body was instead overcome with jolts of rapture so intense that it almost felt like an out-of-body experience. You felt the electric pulses race from your flexed toes to the top of your head, and everywhere in between. Your vision blanked out as the world narrowed down to Hopper and the bliss he was providing, as he continued to thrust and work your clit, intent on wringing as much pleasure from you as possible. A distant-sounding groan came from above you, followed by the warm gushes of Hopper's own release, the added sensation causing you to gasp and tremble against him.

When your body came back down to Earth, muscles still randomly jerking with the aftereffects, you felt as though your entire body was humming with boneless contentment. Hopper must've been feeling something similar, as he had collapsed into you, pressing you so tightly into the wall that it was almost hard to breathe. But you didn't mind; if being smothered by his naked, sweaty body was how you went out of this world then...well, no one could say you'd died unhappy.

After a few long moments of trying to catch both your breaths, he gathered his strength and lifted his weight off of you. Unwrapping your legs from his waist and biting your lip to stifle the whimper of loss when his cock left your body, you slid down until your feet were on the ground. A bit unsure what to do or say next, you were relieved when he leaned down and kissed you. It wasn't as intense as before; instead, it was slow, gentle, and reassuring. The gesture let you know that he wasn't going to turn into a jerk the moment his cock was limp and he'd had his fill of you, and you were grateful to him for it. Bending down, he picked up your bra and skirt, handing the garments to you while he fished his own briefs and jeans from the ground. It was a good thing it was late and there wasn't likely to be anyone else around, since you both were going to have some hard-to-explain dirt stains on your clothing.

Once all of the garments were located and you were both fully dressed, you walked back inside the restaurant with Hopper following behind. Ever the protector, he scanned the empty space

while you grabbed your purse and the keys to lock up, trying to ignore your still-shaky legs and the feel of your combined releases dripping into the crotch of your underwear. When the doors were locked and the building secured, he made sure to walk you down the block to your car. While the gesture was appreciated, you tried not to hide your disappointment when he didn't even say goodbye as you got in and closed the door. However, once you had turned the key in the ignition, you heard a tap on the driver's window. Glancing up, you saw that he was leaning down with one arm resting on the roof of the car and peering in at you.

Rolling down the window, you looked at him expectantly. He appeared almost uncertain at first, glancing downwards for a few seconds before meeting your gaze and giving a warm smile.

"In case I don't see you beforehand...good luck with your senior year."

Not expecting the kind words, it took a few seconds to respond. Trying to lighten the mood, you joked, "Well, I got to finish the summer by marking you off my bucket list, so I'd say luck is in my favor this year."

You saw his eyes widen and eyebrows lift in surprise. "I was on your bucket list?"

Giving a saucy grin, you honestly replied, "Chief, you *were* the bucket list."

With that, you leaned out of the window and gave him a peck on the cheek, causing him to give a boyish grin that made you feel giddy. He stood up from the car, allowing you to put it in drive and pull out. Looking into the rearview window, you saw him stare after you for a few seconds before turning towards his own vehicle. While there was a bittersweet part of you that wanted to wish for more, you knew that this was how it was meant to end.

One of these days, you'd find your own Hopper. A man who went out of his comfort zone to meet you at a fancy Italian restaurant, who wanted to wine and dine you...and then fuck you senseless up against a wall.

Until then, you had other things to focus on in life, and exciting adventures that awaited you outside of Hawkins. Not to mention you now had a new memory to replay over and over...the memory of what had been the best night of your life. Smiling to yourself, you turned up the radio just as one of your favorite songs came on, and sang along the entire way home.